

SAYS
THE EDITORIN THE IMPORTANT MATTER
OF THE NEW POLICEMAN

Appointment of a Pacific Grove policeman to the Carmel force has aroused considerable conjecture and some displeasure on the part of citizens.

There were spread almost immediately Thursday morning after the council meeting, reports that Douglas Rogers, the Pacific Grove policeman named, was not a desirable officer for Carmel. Some of the rumors circulated were definitely unfavorable to him.

THE CYMBAL started investigating. First we approached Councilman Jim Thoburn. We asked Councilman Jim if he had any personal knowledge of the man before he voted for his appointment. He replied that he had not. He said that he had made no inquiries about him other than to ask Chief of Police Norton if the proposed new officer was favorable to him. When he learned that he was, he made no further move except to cast his affirmative vote at the council meeting.

Councilman Clara Kellogg was then approached in the matter. No, she had made no personal investigation; had asked no one about the applicant. She declared that she believed the appointment was the business of the commissioner of police and that she should abide by his decision. She was told of the reports about Rogers and she said that if it was found that he was not the proper person for the job, he would be removed. She said that as commissioner of streets she had acted in this wise when Superintendent Askew made a recommendation of appointment to her. She admitted, on questioning, however, that the appointment of a police officer was something different from a worker in the street department.

Then we went to Pacific Grove, and we discovered that reports derogatory to Douglas Rogers were untrue; that as far as his conduct as a citizen was concerned, his record was above reproach. There was nothing against his character, or the fulfilling of his duty as a police officer.

We returned to Carmel and reported what we had learned to Councilmen Thoburn and Kellogg.

The fact remains that at least two members of our city council made no investigation of a man who applied for a position on our police force. We think that none was made by Mayor Everett Smith and Councilman Rountree.

We don't care if the appointee to the police department proved to be the Angel Gabriel—after his appointment. We believe that our city councilmen, severally and collectively, should have obtained some knowledge of him before they accepted, without comment of any kind, and without question, the recommendation of one of their members in the matter.

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CARMEL FEELS ITS CHANCES
GOOD FOR POSTOFFICE

Carmel feels, with a certain justification, that it is sitting pretty in the matter of a possible federal appropriation for a post office building within its confines.

In the first place, it has a swell

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CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 • NO. 16

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • APRIL 16, 1937

5 CENTS

CARMEL HAS NO PAID FIREMEN:
GUTH STILL POLICE PATROLMANBusiness Group In
Session; Eats and
Is Danced To

Carmel Business Association held what might be termed a well-regulated business session along with a dinner and entertainment last Friday night. It was able to get the ball started in the matter of a federal appropriation for a new post office, and did something, although not so effectively, in regard to assistance from Carmel toward making up the total sum necessary to complete the Monterey Airport.

While it was at first decided that the best way to get the money needed from Carmel for the airport was through popular subscription, Corum Jackson made the point that it was in fact a city matter and that the city council should be asked, and strenuously asked, to come through.

It was then decided that a committee be named to do this importuning and Jackson, G. H. Burnette and E. H. Ewig were placed thereon. They will go before the council at its next meeting and make their request. In the meantime, however, what popular subscriptions are collectable will be collected and will be used to aid the fund. It was pointed out at the meeting that there may be a new pro rata for Carmel because of the so-called "anonymous" donation.

What the association did in the matter of an appropriation for a new post office site is noted and commented upon in the editorial columns in this issue.

Entertainment was provided by Mrs. Florence Leidig, but she was too bashful to do the announcing and turned this job over to Ted Sierka. Bernice Brownell and Margo Evans were soloists, a group of Ruth Austin's pupils—Beverly Leidig, Eleanor Johnstone, Emma Wishart and Anne Whitman gave a tap dance number; Billie Pat Torres did a Highland Fling, accompanied by Mary Walker; Patty Elliott gave a tap solo and Betty Roe Sutton a gypsy dance.

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MRS. RHYS WILLIAMS PAYS
CARMEL A VISIT

Mrs. Rhys Williams was in Carmel for a week just recently, coming up from Matilija, the 3500-acre Ojai Valley ranch of Florence Gates Baldwin, where she and young Rhys are guests.

Mrs. Williams' errand in Carmel was not only to see her many friends here, but to gather together some manuscript notes desired by her husband, Rhys, now in New York in the final throes of producing his book, "The Sovieta", which will be published by Harcourt, Brace on May 1. Pre-views of the book declare it to be the most embracing and factual document on the history of the Soviet Union and its present status.

WPA Music Strike
Looks as Though
It Would Flop

Representatives from the Workers' Alliance of Monterey called on Miss Dene Denny, supervisor of the Carmel Federal Music Project, yesterday afternoon and for the first time presented the demands on which the nine members of the Tipica orchestra are presumed to base their present sit-down strike. They left not quite sure whether they are wrong or right.

The nine musicians, Spanish and Mexican, out of a total of 25 on the Music project here, have been locked in one of the rooms in the project headquarters since last Monday morning. They are still there. But they are off the project payroll, automatically, because failure to report for duty for three days running just simply lets one out of the money, as it were. These nine musicians are, therefore, enjoying a perfectly comfortable room in which to sit, or lie down; with lavatory accommodations and a gas stove, but they are doing it without U. S. pay. It is understood that they are provided with food by members of the Workers' Alliance from Monterey.

In the meantime, while Workers' Alliance people from across the hill are marching back and forth in front of the place, sandwiched with signs outlining their demands and notifying the public that "this project has been struck", 16 other project workers, including Miss Denny, are going on about the business of working for the government for \$60 and \$69 a month—actually on relief.

There is every indication that the Carmel sit-down strike will fade into some kind of nothingness. No one about the place is very much concerned whether or not the nine Tipica group members are there or aren't there. Their sit-down presence doesn't inconvenience the other project workers much, and outside of the creation of considerable amusement on the part of the rich men's sons, such as, young Frolli, and dynamite tossers such as Hazel Watrous, life goes on about as usual. Even, across the street, facing the project, the American Legion hall assumes no aspect of hostility. It is just that the thing isn't taken seriously by heartless Carmel, which can't get excited about a group of nine young musicians who were getting only \$63 a month for 24 hours a week making the music that is in their souls.

The 9 demands which were presented to Miss Denny yesterday were answered by her one by one, and as the viewpoint of one who was present, we would like to remark: God help all strike organizers who have to deal with the kind of girl Dene Denny is!

She showed quite conclusively, and to almost the complete satisfaction of the feminine half of the contingent from Monterey, that she had no control over most of the

(Continued on Page Five)

COUNCIL MAKES NO APPOINTMENT;
NO RESIGNATION IS RECEIVED OR
ACTED ON DESPITE CHANGE IN JOBS

Carmel's city government, a group of four men and one woman who are generally pretty particular about details, suddenly realized last Saturday, three days after their regular meeting and 12 days before their next one (April 21), that despite all popular understanding to the contrary, Carmel has NO paid fireman, and, which is funnier, now has five men on

its police department—a chief of police and four patrolmen.

What with the excitement of appointing a new policeman at its meeting last week, the council overlooked the fact that it had not received and had taken no action on a resignation from the police department of Charles Guth who, according to the public press, was to become a paid fireman.

Also, in its excitement, it overlooked the necessity for making appointments to the fire department. The commissioner of police, Joseph Burge, failed to present Guth's resignation, and the commissioner of fire, Bernard Rountree, who is a stickler for details if there ever was one, failed to present the names of the two men he had recommended for the two paid positions on the fire department—Guth and Vincent Williams.

The resolution, adopted by the council on March 17, created the two paid positions on the fire department all right, all right, but no names were mentioned. The resolution closed with paragraph 8, which read, and still reads: "Appointments to said offices and each of them, shall be made by the City Council upon recommendation of the Commissioner of Fire and Water."

On April 2, the public press announced that Rountree, who is this said commissioner of fire and water, had decided on Charlie Guth and Vincent Williams for the two paid jobs on the fire department. One newspaper, we modestly note, led off its story with the statement:

"Charles Guth and Vincent Williams will be recommended to the city council at its meeting next Wednesday night (April 7) by Councilman Bernard Rountree, commissioner of fire and water, for appointment as senior and junior truckmen, respectively, in the Carmel Fire Department."

But since Councilman Rountree

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bona fide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of April 9, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District	354
Outside Carmel District	119
Newstand Sales	125
Total	.602

Gain over previous week . . .

(You may be interested in knowing that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL publishes weekly a circulation statement. There's a very good reason why only THE CYMBAL does.)

past performance to point to as regards the mere matter of where its sentiments were in the last election. In the second place it has Argyll Campbell.

With these two situations in the fullest of view, the Carmel Business Association is displaying considerable acumen in starting out promptly to go after the post office appropriation.

In full conclave assembled, at Pine Inn last Friday night around the banquet board, the business men and women unanimously accepted a motion calling for the appointment of a committee to gather the names of business people, post office box holders and taxpayers generally on petitions to be addressed to the Postmaster General in a plea for a post office appropriation.

On this committee President Shelburn Robison named himself and his following townspeople:

Eleanor Yates, J. E. Abernethy, Charles L. Berkey, Paul Prince, M. J. Murphy and Barnet Segal. Into the hands of these seven it is expected that Argyll Campbell will either today or tomorrow, place the petitions which he has been asked to draw up.

But Carmel is going to have something better, and probably more effective, than the petitions. We are going to have Argyll himself, who is to trek to Washington on other business in due course of time and who will, it is promised, have a personal word with Jim Farley.

As to where and whither the proposed new federal building will be located, the business association wishes it understood that, as a body, it is not concerned therewith. President Robison promises that if and when the government accedes to the request and makes the appropriation, the Carmel Business Association as such will withdraw from any controversy that may ensue in regard to a proper location.

We are wondering whether this is the best thing to do. It occurs to us that it might be a good and valuable thing for the business association to consider itself immensely important in the matter of a controversy; that it might transform itself into some sort of a clearing house for the ideas that may be advanced or, if one would go a step further in apprehension, for the brickbats that will be tossed around in this so turbulent question.

It is said that there will be, as there was in the past, the Dolores street faction and the Ocean avenue faction battling on far-flung fronts.

If this is to be lamentably true, our suggestion is that we put the post office neither on Dolores street nor on Ocean avenue. Our suggestion is to consider our suggestion of two weeks ago—put the post office on the M. J. Murphy mill property, the six lots (three on San Carlos and three on Mission) extending through the block midway between Ocean avenue and Seventh street.

The present site of the burned Theatre of the Golden Bough has been suggested as a site. Before any other arguments are advanced against it, it is perhaps sufficient to remark that the government insists on a much larger site than this offers. Why it does is neither here nor there, but it does.

—W. K. B.

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Public Is Invited To Brownie Tea

Tomorrow afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock at the Girl Scout House the interested public is invited to a "Brownie Tea". The purpose of the gathering is to acquaint the public with the activities of the Brownies in Carmel. There has been a great increase in membership in the organization in the past year due to the children's demands for the type of work presented by this junior branch of the Girl Scouts.

Mrs. Talbot Josselyn is chairman of arrangements for the tea. Hostesses include Mrs. William Dekker, Mrs. Donald Walker, Mrs. George Moriarty, Mrs. Howard Walters, Mrs. Webster Street, Mrs. Ruth Scott Flynn and Mrs. Ernest F. Morehouse.

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CARLOS AYALA REPORTED RETURNING TO CARMEL

Word comes from Mrs. Nelly Montague, now living in Oak Run, Shasta County, that Carlos Ayala is on his way to Carmel from New York. The chubby little Mexican, a small edition of Diego Rivera, was in Carmel about three years ago and helped beautify the Peninsula by many fine carvings, most noteworthy being the elaborately carved doors to the Presidio Theater. He went East with the sculptor, Atanas Katchamakof, and with him exhibited at the Delphic Galleries in New York City. Several of his pieces were exhibited in the recent Mexican Show at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

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OLE MAN RIBBER UNKIND TO TWO BOY PUNTERS

The boys who, we reported last week, were going to punt down the Carmel River from the Farm Center to the mouth are a bit sadder and wiser now. "Ole Man Ribber" just took the boys down a notch or two, or rather a mile or two, down the river and dumped them, puncturing an inner tube they used as a bumper and scratching them with gusto. The tube and the rapids were too much but day after tomorrow they will be back at the old ground and re-do their first successful run from Moore's Gate. Much more fun and not so far away from home when you are all wet.

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FATHER OF LOUIS LEVINSON DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Herman Levinson, a resident of Carmel for the past ten years, died last Monday morning. Mr. Levinson, who was 78 years old, had suffered through a long illness before his death. He leaves a brother, Henry Levinson of Los Angeles, a sister, Dr. Amelia L. Gates of San Francisco and Carmel, and two sons, Louis H. and Homer F. Levinson of Carmel. He was the husband of the late Elizabeth Levinson.

Rev. Austin Chinn, former rector of All Saints Church, officiated at the funeral services held Wednesday at Cypress Lawn cemetery in San Francisco.

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Irene Alexander, who has been staying with Daisy Bostick in the Eighty Acres, left Monday to make a visit of indefinite length in Hollywood. She was also stopping off to be with friends in Santa Barbara.

CARMEL CAPERS

We need no Atherton investigation in Carmel. No one could buy our police. As a matter of fact, to date, no one has even made an offer.

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Overheard in Whitney's: Connie Clampett Bell inquires, "What is the 'present indicative'?" And answers herself, "Must be 'I will'." Very indicative indeed, Connie.

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If the plans of local authorities meet with any success, a certain oft-encountered post graduate and man-about-town should be well on the way to acquiring a big block letter in rock-crushing at San Quentin.

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Someone should very gently but conclusively disillusion Freddie Nagel: The mauve decade is over and Viennese waltz tempo is no longer either torrid or timely.

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We wish we could have this Louis Conlan person proscribed. Everytime he hits town, his little friends spend the ensuing three days trying to pick their faces up off the street.

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Marie Short is going about looking like an ultra-sophisticated peasant in a red dirndl and full blue skirt. She gives the impression of having just stepped out of a Millet painting to keep an engagement for cocktails at the Ritz bar.

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We are really so proud of our Georgie: He has very successfully moved his house, and it now remains for him only to try to get his car out of the way.

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Being at heart a romantic we are deeply interested in the idyllic relationship extant between the Pins Cone staff and our much publicized vagabond poet. We hope that no rift is indicated by the fact that his name was mentioned only 15 times in their last edition.

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Seems that Mabel's Indian, Tony, and Myron Brinig had a contest to see who could emit the fewest sounds within a given space of time. It was close going but Tony lost by two grunts and a burp.

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Claywell, our fascinating pharmacist, sires a mot. Says Burns, the ever-present, "You must have lots of fun fixing all the dopes and pills down at the drug store." Claywell

replies, "I don't; I let them fix themselves."

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There was much irresponsible revelry at the manse McAdams Tuesday night. All the young men in town were most cordially invited to bring themselves (by toleration), their girl friends (by request), and one dollar for refreshments (by imperative demand). We thought Bonnie Smith (that popular young debutante without whom no Carmel party is complete) definitely the Belle of the Evening.

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That weird-appearing apparatus projecting from Henry Williams' automobile is not to catch fish, as we had so naively supposed, but sound waves, as Mr. Williams so graciously informed us.

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Bobby Smith, you know the little fellow in the big checks who occasionally transmits a message for you over the Western Union wires (for speed and accuracy try carrier pigeon) is flitting to Los Angeles and then to Yuma to attend the wedding of his friend, Jehanne Monteagle, to Charles Miller, whose name usually appears in print with a III after it, like royalty.

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Open letter: Dear Elmer, where are you? Don't you remember you promised to write the column for us this week?—and here we are, practically gone to press, and still fruitlessly searching for you.

—LIBBY LEY

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ILLNESS OF HUSBAND FORCES MRS PFEIFFER TO END CRUISE

Mrs. J. M. Pfeiffer of Big Sur has been forced to cancel her world cruise and return to Carmel because of the serious illness of her husband, now at the Community Hospital. Mrs. Pfeiffer, who was traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart of Carmel Valley, was in China when the cable arrived to summon her home. She will return by the China Clipper.

"PRELUDE TO EXILE" NEXT McGAW-KNOX READING

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will present another of their delightful readings this Saturday night in the Green Room at 8:30 o'clock. The play, to be done in costume and period setting, will be "Prelude to Exile" by William McNally, which was produced at the New York Theater Guild last December. The story is of that episode in the life of the composer Richard Wagner when he translated his own love for Mathilde Wesendonck into the immortal love of Tristan for Isolde.

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Mrs. Morehouse Is New Head of Sunset P. T. A.

Officers for the new school year were elected at the regular meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association Tuesday afternoon. The new officers are Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, president; Mrs. Louis Levinson, vice-president; Mrs. Millard Klein, corresponding secretary; Miss Hope Thomas, recording secretary; Mrs. D. A. Pelton, treasurer.

Mrs. W. S. Frolli, retiring president, read a letter complimenting the P.T.A. on the choice of the school library as a project for the year. To date, 757 books have been catalogued. A school carnival was announced for May 14.

At the close of the business meeting the program was turned over to Mrs. John Fitch who introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Miss Gertrude Field, supervisor of the Benevolent Music School in San Francisco. This school is a part of the Community Chest program in San Francisco and has 430 pupils with branch schools in other parts of the city.

Miss Field gave an inspired and inspiring talk on the place of music in the development of the child as a release for the personality. Her theory that a child is never hopeless musically, but only teachers are hopeless, was substantiated by the many examples of successful accomplishment with the tone-deaf child and the monotone singer. "Feed the hungry child, not the one that is stuffed, with music," was Miss Field's answer to the question of what to do with the child who is "ungifted" and wants music and the child who is "gifted" and does not want it. In speaking of the "miracles" which she has accomplished with backward children, she says: "Miracles are only the beginning of our knowing. Things that were miracles of yesterday are scientific laws of today."

Miss Field's message was a hope and inspiration to those who heard her. Her next visit to Carmel should turn out a record attendance.

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MRS. BUTTERFIELD REVIEWS BOOK ON CONVERSATION

That the art of conversation is based on a definitive and teachable technique was the proposition put forward by Genevieve Ramden—known to most of us as Mrs. F. L. Butterfield of The Little Gallery on Dolores street—at a meeting of the Book Section of the Woman's Club last week. Mrs. Butterfield reviewed the book of her one-time teacher, Ethel Cotton, "Keeping Mentally Alive". Miss Cotton's method of teaching the technique of conversation is something like this: she divides groups of not more than 25 into smaller units of five, gives them a topic of conversation and makes them keep to that one topic for half an hour. Then the whole group amalgamates for further discussion on the same subject. She gives a 12-lesson course, treating of such subjects as: "Grist for the Conversational Mill", "Barring Prejudice", "A Sense of Humor", "Making Word Pictures", etc.

If this elusive and regrettably neglected art can be taught at all, it should be through some such informal group method as this. At the moment, Miss Cotton is having considerable success in New York. Mrs. Butterfield has taught in Los Angeles and is prepared to lead a group here if she finds there is a place for it.

Carmel Fails To Appreciate in Numbers The Art of Martha Graham

It is quite senseless to review a program of such caliber as that of Martha Graham and her excellently trained group, who danced on Sunset Auditorium stage last Saturday night, unless some closer contact can come between the audience and the theory of the work being done in modern dance today. There was not a big house to correspond to the importance of the attraction which the Denny-Watrous management brought to us.

Martha Graham is not a fad. She is not, as some would have us suppose, the originator of a new dance form. She is the culmination of a cultural and chronological heritage, and she is honest and intelligent and sensitive enough to be truly expressive of that heritage.

Dancers and artists and writers and such have gone on so long trailing the trappings of another age that their only value is historical. It is true that a great many exponents of the "modern" dance have confused their choreography with the inside workings of a factory and

What's Being Done By Humane Group

Working quietly on the Peninsula without any fuss or publicity but doing a fine piece of civic and community service is the Humane Society. This local organization was founded 30 years ago as a corporation with members paying a dollar a year.

The organization owns the Animal Shelter on David Avenue in Pacific Grove where dogs are kept under observation and where strays and other dogs brought in are either placed in good homes or are disposed of most humanely by means of carbon monoxide gas. Unless the need for putting them out of their misery is apparent, all dogs are kept by the Shelter for several days in order that temporary strays may be returned to their masters. And if the dog is of a particularly fine type it may even be kept longer in the hopes of giving some child or adult a fine pet.

Last year during the rabies epidemic a survey was made of the dogs on the Peninsula, and it was discovered that there were about 3,995 dogs on the Peninsula. Of this number, 1200 were taken in by the Humane Society. Some were strays and some were brought in for various reasons, and they were either destroyed or were given away. The epidemic aroused the Society and the communities to the need for more careful checking of the dog population as since that time the ranks of the 1200 which were taken care of have again been filled and we are back to the 4,000 mark.

The licensing of dogs is the surest way of protecting yourself and your neighbors as well as your pets. In times of an epidemic house dogs do not usually fall ill unless they are bitten by other dogs. In other words, the source which is believed to be coyotes in the hills makes con-

nections with the home dog by means of strays. The only way to stop this is to remove the strays—and the only way of being sure that this is efficiently done is to mark the domestic pet in some manner. Hence the dog license.

Dogs are taxed in the following manner: \$2 for a male, \$4 for a female and then what is called kennel rates, or three dogs for \$5 and six or more for \$10.

The board of directors elected last January includes: B. J. Pardee, president; Guy S. Curtis, vice-president; Mrs. Millicent Sears, recording secretary; George Hawkins, treasurer; Mrs. Louise Dobbins, manager Animal Shelter; Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, Mrs. John Cocke, Abby Lou Bosworth, Mrs. Alfred Wolff and W. E. Duclus. The permanent auditing committee includes B. J. Pardee, W. E. Duclus and Guy S. Curtis.

The Society will have a meeting in the Council Rooms of Colton Hall, Monterey, this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Those interested are invited to attend.

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Warren T. Anderson and Mabel Beevers of Carmel filed their intentions to marry in San Francisco this week. Sorry, that's all we know.

Marilyn and Arthur Strasburger, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strasburger of Lincoln and Santa Lucia streets, were hosts to 40 of Carmel's younger set at a dance last Friday in All Saints Parish House.

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WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock. Final concert in Walter Damrosch Music Appreciation program.

KSFO—This evening at 7 o'clock. Stokowsky conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. The Metropolitan Opera from Cleveland. "Carmen" with Rosa Ponselle.

KFRC—Tomorrow evening at 6:15 o'clock. Chicago Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Magic Key program with Stokowsky and Ormandy conducting. Marion Anderson, Negro contralto.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic final concert. Rodzinski conducting Beethoven Fifth and Brahms First Symphonies.

KGO—Sunday at 5 o'clock. General Motors Promenade program.

KSFO—Sunday at 6 o'clock. Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday at 1:30 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Tuesday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Music of the Masters. A selection of rare and unusually fine records.

KPO—Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Music Guild.

KGO—Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock. Dr. Frank Black's String Symphony Orchestra.

KPO—Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock. Standard Symphony Hour.

Carmel Raised In All \$4,246 For Flood Victims

The governing board of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, held its quarterly meeting at Community Church Wednesday afternoon.

C. W. Lee, chapter chairman, reported the final results of the flood relief effort. Carmel subscribed \$4,246.25, more than seven times its quota, and this was forwarded to national headquarters at Washington to aid in the rehabilitation program of the organization in the flooded areas of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

Reports of the various committees were received and it was disclosed that the chapter is in a healthy condition and continuing to aid those in distress throughout the Carmel district.

Miss Leslie King, chapter executive secretary, reported that during the three months ending April 1, aid had been given to 48 families including 135 persons. This covered in some cases hospitalization and nursing; in others, food, clothing and medication.

The great need of a Red Cross ambulance in this district was discussed by James L. Cockburn, who said that the Red Cross had been importuned by many citizens to sponsor the equipment. There is space in the new fire station for an ambulance and it could be manned by members of the Rescue squad under the supervision of Bernie Adams. Already 12 members of the department possess Red Cross first-aid certificates.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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**Patricia Hall Gets
Golden Eaglet**

Yesterday afternoon at the Girl Scout House, Miss Patricia Hall was awarded her Golden Eaglet Badge.

Since the earning of this badge requires a small lifetime, arduous labor, and the acquisition of manifold skills, together with plus values which are regarded as even more important, a girl who can display an Eaglet may very well be pleased with herself. The mechanical requirements are the taking of twenty-one ordinary badges. These are so balanced to give the girl a rounded sense of what there is in life to do and be, that they include a group of home making tests—cook, dressmaker, housekeeper, home and child nurse and laundress; a health group which means that the girl herself must be of good health, take a general nursing badge and be able to give First Aid; an athletic group, including swimming and what they call the Pioneer Badge, which is the Camp requirement; and such general-knowledge experiences as a course in junior citizenship, a great deal of nature study and such elective work as art, crafts, sailing and photography.

But finally cinching the Golden Eaglet is not as easy even as this. There are ways and ways to take a badge, just as there two ways to skin a cat or an examination in arithmetic. The girl who becomes an Eaglet must do her work with thoroughness and diligence and develop from it qualities such as responsibility and many appreciations. We asked Pat in what way she thought Scouting most interested her and she said that seeing so many girls doing such different things and learning to work with them had been her chief delight.

Then, after these requirements have been satisfied, the candidate for the Eaglet must be adjudged by her leaders and director and—hardest test of all—by the other girls, as a good all round guy.

Well, Pat seemed all of that to us.

And, after adding this all up, it comes to Puppetry. Last summer Pat studied Puppetry at the Cornish School with David Crockett and intends to keep on with it while she is at the University of California—"so that," she said, "when I get through school I'll be known already."

Just keep right on like this, Pat. After taking a few hundred more badges—well, there'll be a few hundred more to take. Great fun, most of them.

—LYNDA SARGENT

CLANGING CYMBALS



Very early one morning this week, going up the hill to Monterey, we came up smack behind a gigantic truck. We don't mind idling along behind a truck on a hill; just one of our aged—quandam in the wood, quandam in the bush—philosophies. This truck struck us right off as being singularly touching. It smote a note tender and mournful in us. It was empty. And across the top of its cab, in big blue letters on white—oh, most urgent it seemed—was one word: MONOLITH. You could see it wanted its stone, as a locomotive wants its train, you know. And a dog its tail. As Mrs. Yates needs Domino, that's how I... Anyhow, it is April, and pregnancy and fullness are descendant and by this time we had worked up such a vicarious frustration over this unfulfilled motor vehicle, that we passed it on one of the very worst curves, and got away.

Pursuant to our business, we parked in front of a friend's office, and therein spent a half hour or so. When we came out there was that dratted truck, hovering piteously over our hood. We could see the driver in a joint, drinking. With a sly peep fore and aft, we hastily grasped the first stepping stone in our friend's walk, and with ritual and piety, placed it in the truck.

+

It was our pleasure of late to spend an hour with a young man who was going up for the Rhodes Scholarship exams. He seemed in a faint dither about it, but not for the reason you might think. He just didn't know what to wear. We listened patiently while he mused over his whole wardrobe, offering no advice since we have never taken the Rhodes exams and how could we know? Yesterday we heard how he had solved the problem. He got himself an Eton jacket. He also got himself eliminated from the race.

+

We had lunch with Mary Ackroyd, that fine and subtle girl who directs the Girl Scouts. She was on her way to a Brownie meeting. The Brownies, you know, are the dear little girls of pre-Scout age who, in their peaked sylphid caps and elfic smiles, go about tending the Little People, so that when we miserable old men and women need succor the fairies have eaten and drunk and are merrily ready to do us service. There are no end of things we could learn from the Brownies. For instance, Miss Ackroyd says that all she has to do when she doesn't wish to be disturbed, is to put a Kleenex on her head and she is invisible. Without any doubt this is the finest idea we have heard for some time. We wish to warn our many, many readers as well all friends and enemies that if you see us on the street, clutching a Kleenex to the top of our head, we aren't there. We simply are not.

+

This is the story of the Thirty-Inch Walk.

From this same Mary Ackroyd, we heard about the Thirty-inch Walk. It seems that one of the aims of Scouting—to us a noble and justifiable aim—is to build up in the girls that most valuable of all defense against a turgid and incalculable world—the ability to see so much within thirty inches of

your face, that boredom knows you not and neither grief nor the twentieth shadows of grief.

"We claim knowledge of this art. It is one other of those things we learned a long, long time ago, in the lee of a mullein leaf, from our Mother. And the thirty-inch walk reminds us of a walk we took with her one day which was, if not exactly thirty inches, not appreciably more. We had been visiting her during October—the most memorable October in our life—and on the day before our projected return to our home at Number One Grace Court, Brooklyn, we went with her to call on a neighbor at a distance of a short quarter of a mile. When we started for home, Mrs. Harris, our neighbor, came a piece with us. You know the old neighborly habit—you go a piece home with your guests, then they retrace a few steps with you and so on until, somewhere mid-distance, you all wave your aprons and manage to part.

Mrs. Harris was a new neighbor—a city woman who had bought Aunt Fannie's old house. Now, Mrs. Harris, our Mother said, as we stepped down from the porch, this yellow rose of Fannie's ought to be fixed up for the winter 'most any day now. Dropping to her knees, she pulled away handfuls of grass and scabbled about with her worn, amusing hands in the dirt. It needs some good horse manure, mixed with a little straw and sand. Dig down a foot or so and fill the hole with this. Then tie a burlap bag around it. It's a pretty little old-fashioned rose. My granddaughter Jane carried some at my daughter Maude's wedding. She got the thorns caught in her pants, and she said, "Mama, my pants are coming off", right in the middle of the service.

The clear, thin October air carried her always girlish laugh down the valley and up the little hills that were so rowdy with the colors of New Hampshire in the Fall. I don't believe the colors have ever been lovelier, she said. Do you see those two pine trees at the top of the hill? Well, we named them The Two Old Ladies Going to Church. Oh, look!

Disappearing in the bushes, she came back with a handful of blackberries. Here, you take them, she said, pressing them into her neighbor's hand. The sumac is very copper this Fall. That's a sign of a cold winter. Look at Pa's orchard. Those trees will all be bearing heavy next year. McIntosh Reds. Yum-yum. I must have Pa bring you a box. But eat them right away. They don't keep long. What on earth do you suppose this is?

It was a kitten with a broken leg, deep down under the ferns. She picked it up, said comfortingly, unsentimental things to it, and tucked it casually under her arm. They really heal in no time, with good care and everything. Don't Pa's cows look nice and fat. I do wish Hindlegs would hurry up and have her bossie. I hate to have them born in cold weather. There! It's winter coming. I never see them suddenly huddle together like that but I think something has told them it's winter.

What on earth has Pa got the harrow out for? At this time of year! Look! Quick!

Under the shedding boughs of an apple tree, a deer and its fawn stood against the reddening sun. We stayed and saw both miracles pass. Well, I promised Pa some hot ging-

erbread for supper and I'd better be about it.

We lingered a moment with Mrs. Harris, watching her homely little figure, with its slightly one-sided gait, cross the lawn. (She had broken her arm when she was seven and she was always the slightest bit out of drawing, which gave her a gnomic look.) She knelt and plucked a dandelion plant out of the grass, snipped off a dead flower, lifted her face to the ravishment of the sunset and disappeared within her kitchen.

"She is," Mrs. Harris said, "the most remarkable woman I have ever known. She saw more to interest her in only five minutes today than I have seen in whole continents."

—LYNDA SARGENT

ished and horrified when they saw a small, sleek head emerge from the waves not ten yards from where they stood on the beach, give them three short, hoarse barks and sink beneath the surf. Heinie and Queenie stared a moment in terrified surprise, then wheeled and fled as fast as their respective short and long legs could carry them.

A handsome young dandy is Guinea Gold Walton, who is the rich yellow gold of an English guinea. The tiny Pomeranian is as full of bounce as an india-rubber ball. When he goes walking with his mistress, Miss Audry Walton, his little feet seem to twinkle rather than walk on the path. That well-known canine character, Mr. Brown, was one of Miss Walton's pets.

Great is the rejoicing in the Laney household over the return of that petite prodigal, Chuck-A-Luck. "Chucky" wandered off once before—philandering. But this time he just got lost, and his mistress, Maxine Laney, and his little master, Billy, hunted high and low before they finally located him.

It is rumored that Peter Totten has assumed quite a military air since he gave up civilian life in the village to join the army as mascot for Troop G, the 11th Cavalry, at the Monterey Presidio. Though he is still a rookie (he has been there two months) the handsome Russian wolf hound goes about with all the swagger and dash of an officer. He has become quite aloof and refuses even to sniff at the non-commissioned canines.

"Heyou" is the name finally decided upon to grace the blue-eyed youngster of the Blanding-Creager menage. This attractive young Australian shepherd (who is growing amazingly fast) has borne such pet names as Snookums, Raggedy Anne, Smudge, Heronow, Hellion (and several others). Her master, Don Blanding, believes that the new name takes care of everything.

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JOHN O'SHEA PAINTING
HUNG IN LIBRARY

A Mexican Rancho scene, painted by John O'Shea, has just recently been hung over the large fireplace in the Harrison Memorial Library. The picture, which is a large oil, was done under the Federal Art Project.

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The Carmel Cymbal

New Fire House To Be Occupied Next Week

There will be no formal celebration on the opening of Carmel's new fire house, according to Fire Chief Bob Leidig.

The fire apparatus will probably be moved from the old house to the new this Sunday, or at any rate, in the early part of the week, and the firemen who are to live in the new place will be pounding their pillows there by that time. Then, probably on Saturday of next week, there will be an open house to which the public will be invited to inspect the new quarters.

Quite an elaborate program for the opening of the fire house had been tentatively arranged for by the fire department officers, but the men did not seem enthusiastic about any formal celebration and the idea was dropped. However, the firemen were to meet last night and it is possible that something more than merely an open-house program will be planned.

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WPA Music Strike Looks as Though It Would Flop

(Continued from Page One)

matters in the demand, that others had to do with complaints that were false, and that the nine sit-down strikers had not themselves made the demands.

It was a difficult hour and a quarter for the Monterey representatives. They departed with the conviction that they had better do something about ending the strike and getting their sit-down responsibilities back into their jobs, or else they had better make their demands to someone who had more jurisdiction in the whole matter than the Carmel supervisor.

Showing confidence in Miss Denny and protesting any demand for her removal, are the following 16 workers, and in their own words:

The majority of the personnel of the WPA Carmel Federal Music Project feel the demands of the nine men who are on a sit-down strike are ridiculous and absurd.

The first demand "Removal of Dene Denny Supervisor of Carmel Music Project" has come as a great shock to us.

Our association with Dene Denny as Supervisor of the Music Project has been a privilege and there is not one of us who is insensible to the debt of gratitude we owe her, not alone for her high standard of musicianship but also for her high standard of honesty and integrity.

(Signed)

John Immich Frank Johnson
Mary Tweed Emily Hartz
Ray Thiriet Bessie Thompson
Verne Wilson Robert Lewellyn
Louis D. Law Herbert Leese
William Kopp Louis Carpenter
Richard Gordon

+ + +

Although the wildflowers in Antelope Valley are not as yet generally in bloom, a few more days of mild sunny weather should bring them out in more colorful display, reports the Touring Department of the National Automobile Club. At present there are about 100 acres of poppies in full bloom about seven miles northwest of Palmdale, just south of the Bellview School. The best section for viewing flowers on the Mojave Desert is west of Palmdale or Lancaster in the vicinity of Del Sur.

INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

THANKS, SO MUCH

Carmel Cymbal:

Enclosed you will find 50 cents for which I should very much appreciate your sending me The Cymbal to me for six months. The Cymbal is unique and interesting; by far the best paper published in Carmel.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Blanche Burge

Portland, Ore.

April 10, 1937

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STORY OF A PUPPY

Editor, The Cymbal

Humane readers of THE CYMBAL may be interested in the following incident that came within my experience many years ago. Two little girls of my acquaintance found on the streets of Greenwich Village, New York City, an injured puppy, evidently a stray. The elder of the children, we will call her Fan, gathered the appealing little animal in her kind arms and the trio started for home, confident that mother would care for its hurt leg and make it well again. When they entered the house they were met by "Mother" who, on beholding their charge, held up her hands in horror, exclaiming: "Where did you get that wretched dog? Take it out of this house at once and leave it where you found it."

"But, Mother—"

"Do as I say, and don't let me catch you bringing a dirty animal in this house again. I've spent all the morning cleaning and now this—"

Clinging all the closer to the trembling and whimpering puppy, the children went out into the street and sat down on the curb crying. All at once a bright thought came to the younger of the two, whom we will call Bess. "Let's take the pup around to Mrs. Van A.'s, she's good to everything."

To Mrs. Van A.'s they went, a cheap house on a crowded street. (By the way, Mrs. Van A. had thirteen children). At the children's knock the door was opened by the eldest Van A. girl who exclaimed pleasantly: "Mother, here are Fan and Bess with a little puppy."

Mrs. Van A. made the children and their charge welcome, and set her own brood to getting a warm bath ready for the dog while she busied herself with splints and bandage, for the pup's leg was broken. Before the children went home the little thing was resting contentedly, warm milk inside, and bandages outside. Best of all was Mrs. Van A.'s assurance that they would give the pup a good home. "He'll make a fine pal for Jamie when his leg heals," she told them, and she kept her word.

"Doesn't it make you feel warm about your heart," Bess remarked on the way home. That kind deed, kindly met, bore fruit in later years.

Don't let me give the impression that Mrs. C., the children's mother, was wholly unfeeling. Her children's material wants were her first

consideration, and they were sent to school and Sunday School with persistent regularity. But to extend consideration and tenderness to a "dumb brute" was just out of all reason and common sense. On the other hand, Mrs. Van A. had a hard struggle to make their meagre means adequate to the wants of the thirteen little Van A.'s. Attendance at school and Sunday School were more or less irregular, clothes or rather the lack of them, being a problem. Yet, they had learned lessons that are sadly lacking in both of these estimable institutions. Therefore the urgent need of a just and impartial organization, which disregards the impulsive acts of individuals and follows the principle of fair play to our brute creation, that is what the Humane Education Societies are trying to inculcate in our future citizens—not sentimentality but justice and fair dealing to all. "For God saw that it was good."

Robles del Rio L. H. Conger

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SEES DIFFERENT DOG STORY

Editor, The Cymbal

As a lover of dogs (which naturally means a great understanding of their problems and intelligence) I should like to correct the conclusion arrived at in your article on April 9, page seven, of THE CYMBAL: "Dog stays to watch body of playmate." This is not subject of criticism. Only when you attempt to prove so gallant a canine devoid of intelligence and lacking more than human uncanny seventh sense all dogs possess, I protest.

Man's best and truest friend would stand by his fellow mate and resent a stranger's intrusion. But when what you call an "ambulance" from the Dog Pound arrived, the dog did not "comprehend help had arrived". Terror of what he well sensed the grim black conveyance implied caused him to flee while he could. It is a question of terminology. What to this lady seemed an ambulance, to the dog was a police patrol (if we use man's terms). Any dog could plainly detect the presence of the frightened fellow dogs on their way to the Dog Pound to be deprived of their liberty and, unless fortunate, their lives eventually.

The Monterey Peninsula does not employ a veterinarian—only a dog catcher. If this is a sincere movement to try and inculcate real kindness for our four-footed friends then let us give a true story of the situations facing them.

If you doubt the intelligence and great understanding of dogs read what Alexie Carel says of them in his great book "Man the Unknown".

A friend and devoted owner of dogs for over 50 years.

Carmel, April 15

Mrs. Louise Rice Carter

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HITS TALBOT'S REASONING

Editor, The Cymbal

I notice the report, in your issue of April 9, of the talk by Mr. E.

Guy Talbot, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, before the Carmel Woman's Club.

The report seems to show that Mr. Talbot is in favor of degrading the United States of America by stripping her of her national sovereignty and reducing her to the status of a mere sub-division of a super-national World Empire.

If the national sovereignty of the U. S. A. be eliminated and this nation subordinated to a world-state, then every vestige of the freedom our forefathers gained for us at the expense of their blood and tears will have vanished.

It is plain that the establishment and control of such a world-government has for generations been, and still is, the object for which the rival gangs of international financiers are striving.

THE CYMBAL reports Mr. Talbot as having said that with the beginning of treaty making the national sovereignty of this nation died. Which is as absurd as saying that when individuals or corporations make a contract the individuals or corporations cease to exist.

As I read your report I was hoping to find it recorded that the Woman's Club arose, sang the National Anthem, and told Mr. Talbot that, by God, America's national sovereignty was not dead yet and to hell with traitors who wish it dead.

To say that the way to prevent war between sovereign nations is to do away with sovereign nations is no more sensible than saying that the way to prevent individuals from fighting is to kill the individuals.

The prevention of war is a noble aim and it is best achieved, as is the prevention of other diseases, by removing the cause, not by killing the patient.

It is the present financial system that, by forcing competition for export markets, causes modern wars. If we had a reformed financial system the right kind of internationalism would be fairly sound and proper. But not first, not before

the financial system is rectified. The only safeguard against a world governed by international finance is nationalism.

Mr. Talbot is reported as saying that no nation can hope to keep out of war these days without stressing its duties and responsibilities as a member of a conference of nations. Presumably by that he means that America should join the League of Nations, but he must know that that "conference of nations" has conspicuously failed to keep its members out of war.

I hope that America will shun the League of Nations (and other super-national bodies) like a pestilence for its aim seems to be so to strengthen itself that it may become a world government of Finance—which it is rapidly becoming at the present time.

Carmel, April 12, 1937 E. J. Atter

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DOG TRAINER WILL TALK AT FILMARTE TONIGHT

A thoroughbred, registered puppy has been offered as a prize to the students of Monterey Union High School and Colton School, Monterey, for the best poster on the subject, "Be Kind to Animals". The donor of this valuable award is W. F. Thompson, dog trainer from New York who has just opened kennels in Sunnyvale, the place with the big empty hangar. Mr. Thompson gave a short talk before the two schools last Wednesday in connection with the "Be Kind to Animals" Week locally sponsored by the Humane Society.

At the Filmarate Theater tonight he will give a talk and demonstration with trained dogs. Thompson believes that there is no excuse for a spoiled dog and that mongrels can be trained as well as thoroughbreds.

+ + +

The Murphy home in Carmel was the scene of a shower party given last week for Mrs. Lucien Jones, nee Kathleen Murphy. Hostesses for the affair were Miss Rosalie Murphy, Mrs. A. H. Griffin and Myrtle Hansen.



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Inday April 16, 1937

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Oh, the life on the ocean wave is
the life for me!

Tuesday the ancient salmon troller, famous when she was K. Taki-guchi's Grace, went out from her mooring to cruise the salmon banks in Monterey Bay. Now my own Mary Hart, she is newly painted and bright, and a beauty to behold. But four months from now she will return to her mooring from the north, dirty and battle-scarred, the nemesis of more tons of silver dwellers of the deep.

Last season that was the story, as a tired old boat crept into Monterey after a stiff fifteen-hour run down from Point Reyes, home at last from Shelter Cove and Fort Bragg.

Shelter Cove, a beautiful, dangerous spot on the Humboldt County coast, is the farthest north this boat has gone, but her bare thirty feet has traveled in search of albacore tuna as far as Todos Santos Bay in Mexico, and far out to sea beyond the islands off the southern California coast. But that was in the good old days.

I probably was one of those born too late. I should have fished for albacore in 1925, when, in one day, my boat came home with a catch worth \$455, quite a good day's fishing for one man in a small boat. But perhaps, with luck, she shall bring in tons of salmon for a few years to come, and a few of albacore.

After one season in her, however, I decided to wait until I had a big boat, or quit the fishing altogether. Most fishermen work up to bigger and better boats. Meanwhile, she shall work for me part time, and go out on charter when a suitable partner turns up. She's chartered out now, and I get the boat's share of the catch, and stay ashore to work towards "something bigger and better" and get most of my seagoing experience vicariously, like you who read such books as Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman" or Kipling's "Captains Courageous".

Now, before I grow tiresome, for I could go all day on shop of this kind, I'll stop telling of fishing and get around to something else.

Last week THE CYMBAL had an interview with Maurice Hindus. It was not an official interview and there was nothing for quotation, but this reporter had the pleasure of meeting a dynamic American who has acted as an interpreter to his country of the experiment in Russia. We met in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, and Mr. Hindus had just spent a quiet morning with John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men". Mr. Hindus has taken an active interest in the publication of Rhys Williams' forthcoming book which will probably rate as a Baedecker of the Soviet.

The informal pronunciation of GPU as gay-pay-oo suggests that it might be interesting to give NRA the pronunciation en-err-ah, CCC trey-say, or WPA doubl'-ay-pay-ah. The Supreme Court, in passing judgment on the AAA might have enunciated Ah! Ah! Ah!

No need now to go to Bakersfield to see the flowers. Just look at the poppies here or around Watsonville, the irises down the coast or lilacs in bloom. Gilroy is a grimy spot in the midst of a sea of apple blossoms.

This discussion over the discovery of a plaque supposedly left by

Paul Shulgin Brings His Russian Chorus To Carmel on April 24

Russian songs, costumes of the Boyars in the time of Ivan the Terrible, and Caucasian folk dances will delight the eyes and ears of audience at Sunset Auditorium Saturday, April 24, when Paul Shulgin, concert pianist, composer and choral and orchestral conductor, brings his group, the Russian Philharmonic Chorus, to Carmel, the town that loves a costume better than a dinner jacket.

The program, to be announced in full in the next issue, will include arias from the major Russian operas, folk songs of Russia and Poland and a lively folk dance or two to complete the evening. The group of thirty members is part of the Russian Musical Society of San Francisco.

Paul Shulgin, Russian by birth, having completed his studies as a concert pianist and conductor at the Royal Dresden Conservatory of Music, organized a group of Russian students who were living in Saxony under the name of the Bayan Chorus.

They sang in several different German cities to the thunderous applause of the German critics. Shulgin then came to this country to join his family and a few months later organized the Palo Alto Philharmonic chorus for members of the Stanford faculty and student body. Their first performance in October, 1934, included Russian and German songs, and Dr. Henry Lanz called it a "musical miracle". After several other concerts, Shulgin was invited to direct

Sophia Samorukova, in the role of Sister Teresa in Andre Ferrier's production of the oratorio of that name. Mme. Samorukova will sing with Paul Shulgin's group to be heard here on April 24

the Russian Musical Society's production of Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Tsar", which played at the Tivoli Theater in San Francisco December 12, 1936. The performance was so successful that there was a repeat in January of this year.

Alfred Frankenstein of the San Francisco Chronicle reported: "It has been my duty to witness many attempts by national groups to put their national music on the American artistic map. This is the first time in my experience that the job has been done intelligently and successfully."

Francis Drake on San Francisco Bay continues to rage. The cove where it was found is far from the sea, but not a long distance over the hills from Drake's Bay, where he was believed to have careened his midget fleet. I saw the cove last week, and have previously entered Drake's Bay from the sea. Tides there would be sufficient for the scraping of the small hulls used by Drake and it was a perfect haven from the summer gales. There will always be grounds for doubt that Drake ever passed through the Golden Gate, and it is certainly easy to miss from the sea.

Visited Bill Irwin and his wife Eleanor in Boulder Creek last week. Bill is the son of Will "The City That Was" Irwin, and is himself an able etcher. His wife, "Aunt Elie", is WPA authors' supervisor for Monterey and San Benito counties. They are carefully guarding one of those "ideas" for the San Francisco exhibition.

A newcomer to Carmel the other day described me as a Communist. So I took pains to explain that, as a home-owner and boat-owner, I was only a petit-capitalist.

While conducting his "bird walk" recently, Laidlaw Williams had a difficult time keeping his students' minds on the subject of birds. It seems there was a bird nest a-building beside the fence on a ranch in the valley. Just as the bird-walkers were approaching it, one of the entourage mentioned a new scandal connected with the owner of the ranch. First one and then another of the ladies of the ensemble turned from birds to gossip, and soon Mr. Williams was peering into a bird nest, alone, while his pupils gathered more details.

It seems that Max Baer has been giving his training "serious attention" this time. Oh, yeah!

That Salinas Colonel is apparently hard-riding, tight-lipped, and an



Douglas School Notes

The Douglas School will send a tennis team composed of Peggy Wheaton and Louise Young, singles, and Doris Crossman and Frances Topping, doubles, to the Ojai Valley Scholastic Tennis Tournament to be held this Sunday. Mary Callendar, school coach, will accompany the girls.

Last Friday afternoon Hearst Metrotone and Paramount News cameramen took shots of the advanced class of girl riders doing jumps and mounted archery. There will probably be a constant attendance at the local theaters until these pictures are shown.

The Douglas School Polo Teams were victorious over both the Sacramento and Salinas visiting teams at the national meet held last Saturday at Del Monte. The visiting teams, members of the schools and their guests were entertained at a barbecue luncheon at the Douglas School following the morning games. Mrs. Floyd Hart and Mrs. Hamlin of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brawner of Pasadena and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Glendower

of Hollywood were among the parents and visitors entertained by the school.

+ + + + +

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders, whose home in Hatton Fields seems to have a surprising capacity for guests, are entertaining Mr. John Stewart of Lincoln, Nebraska.

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**Personalities
& Personals**

We patted Betty Greene's horse on the nose one morning recently and asked about Sister Anne who is in New York. Anne likes New York and she is not averse to making her own way there so to keep that wolf from the door she is working in a bookstore in the morning and cooking somebody's dinner in the evening and sandwiching her music and studies in all around the necessities of life. We do hear, however, that even though Anne likes New York she is planning on returning home in May. You see, she likes Carmel and San Francisco and California pretty much, too.

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Mildred Pearson, affectionately known as "Tiny" to her many friends in Carmel, has been visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Nixon, at their home on Dolores Street. Tiny has been in Glendale for the past year and will return there soon.

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Janie Otto ate scallops with Edna Wallace Hopper at Sadé's and we weren't there to watch and feel very badly about it. Mrs. George Marion was hostess to this scallop-eating affair and had as her guests Mrs. William Siegal of New York, Mollie McGrath of Paris, Mrs. Frank Caldwell and Mrs. Harry Durfee.

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Mrs. Vivian Christierson entertained a group of her friends at a bridge-luncheon last Friday. At the tables were Mrs. Clinton Tawse, Mrs. Helen Nickolas, Mrs. M. W. Crowley, Mrs. Ray Brownell, Mrs. Irwin Barbour, Mrs. Myrtle Ollinger and Mrs. John Thompson.

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Apparently enjoying a quiet stroll on Dolores street this last week were Mary Loftus, Tony Moreno and M. G. Davilla. Reported as Monterey Peninsula residents, they seemed to be trying to make up their minds about whether or not to visit the Carmel Federal Music Project.

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Carmel has lost another familiar and the orchestra in the evening visitor in the death of Mrs. Georgina Bates in Pasadena last Monday. Mrs. Bates and her sister, Mrs. Isabel Winslow, have divided their time between their home on Dolores street in Carmel and one in Pasadena for the past ten years.

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Members of the C. A. Chapter of the P. E. O. Sisterhood were entertained in the Carmel home of Mrs. Floyd Parton of San Jose last week. Her 15 guests were given a fine opportunity better to acquaint themselves with the Peninsula and were all guests at a dinner party at the Blue Bird on Tuesday evening.

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Members and guests of the Manzanita Club are still talking about the sizzling steaks and "the best beans you ever ate" at their annual barbecue at Mike Murphy's retreat in Carmel Valley. Even a drizzling rain last Thursday afternoon didn't prevent the "boys" from taking a dip in the pool to work up an appetite.

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The Scarlett twins, Eunice and Bill, celebrated their eighteenth birthday anniversary at a dinner party Sunday at the Scarlett home in Carmel Valley. There were seventeen guests who sat down to dinner and joined in wishing the twins "many to come".

Carmel Has No Paid Firemen To Date; Charlie Guth Still in Police Department

(Continued from Page One) does not read THE CYMBAL, according to report, how was he to know that he had to make his recommendations to the council and that that body had to make the appointments?

What funny things happen in the most ultra-statistical families!

And as for Guth, and his resignation from the police department, THE CYMBAL noted on April 2 that "Charlie Guth, now a member of the police department, has verbally tendered his resignation to Chief of Police Robert Norton".

Even a country newspaper editor knows that's not a resignation. A commissioner of police ought to know it. Certainly a chief of police should know it.

So, as matters stand now, although Guth and Williams have gone to work in the fire department, there is no record of any kind in the office of City Clerk Sadie Van Brower of their appointments; there is, in fact, nothing, according to Miss Van Brower when asked, in the minutes, in a motion, a resolution or an ordinance, nam-

ing either one of them in connection with the fire department.

Also, when asked about Guth's resignation, Miss Van Brower said (Wednesday of this week) that she had no record of his resignation. She did have, however, a resolution appointing him to the police department.

When THE CYMBAL called the attention of Councilmen James Thoburn and Clara Kellogg and City Attorney Argyll Campbell to the state of affairs last Saturday, all of them were surprised, but admitted no remembrance of making any appointments or receiving any resignation. Miss Kellogg advanced the idea that it made little difference, anyway, as both Guth and Williams are, or were, in the pay of the city, one in the police department and the other in the street department.

How the records can be juggled to make a retroactive change in pay rolls, according to Hoyle and Argyll Campbell, we don't know, but perhaps it can. We do feel, however, that it will be easier to get by Hoyle than Campbell.

Well, we said in the beginning it was a childish taste, but just why, after all, it should be any more infantile than liking plain honey or jam or other things that adults pile onto toast and waffles we can't make out. Maybe it isn't.

Just because we realize we're not the only busy person in existence who gets home a few minutes before a normal dinner hour and has to conjure up a meal for four hungry people, we are sure this should be good news to many. You can get a big cellophane bag full of shredded salad greens all ready to add your own particular dressing to! A few minutes' freshening on the ice or with cold water, if your home is the cooler-only kind—and a delicious salad is ready to serve. Believe us, the preparation of the different varieties in that handy bag would consume more time than we want to spend—even on a day when we don't have to set type and see that the bird gets a bath.

—M. I. K.

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The gorgeous redbud trees all through Lake County and on the Capay Valley road through Rumsey are attracting countless motorists,

DON'T WRECK THE MACHINE
IN A MOMENT OF SPLEEN;
WITH A "MAYTAG REPAIR"
IT WILL RUN LIKE A HARE!

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Repairs on all types of washers

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Floor Show

No Cover Charge • Open Till 2 a. m.

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296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY

Of course, you can dance every night

Tigers and Giants Take Abalone Opening Tilts

Before a cheering throng which booed the umpire both properly and improperly to the perfect satisfaction of baseball tradition, Carmel or elsewhere, the famous Abalone League opened its seventeenth season last Sunday at its ball park in Carmel Woods.

As a result of the hitting and pitching and muffing and catching, to say nothing of some of Doc Stanford's decisions, the Tigers beat the Shamrocks 8 to 4 and the Giants measured the Pilots by 10 to 9.

Handley, Whitcomb and Campbell were mainly responsible for humbling the Shamrocks in the first game of the day, what with their hits and runs, and in the second game Charlie Frost, Art Hilbert and Frances Brewer swung the mean hickories to edge out the Pilots.

Mayor Smith opened the season by whanging a ball Fire Chief Leiding intended for the mitt of Chief of Police Norton.

Yes, Marian Todd was there. What, may we ask, would an Abalone ball game be without Marian in the bleachers?

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WE REFUSE TO ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS

The following notice was brought into THE CYMBAL office this week and we are presenting it to you as it was given to us:

"The Ascended Master's instruction on the 'Mighty I Am Presence', as given forth by the Accredited Messengers, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard (also known as Godfrey Ray King) and son, Donald, as presented by Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Dobbins at the La Ribera Hotel April 20 to 25 (inc.). Every evening, beginning at 7:30 p. m."

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The completion of the new Kern River bridge and approaches on the Kern River highway between Bakersfield and Freeman Junction is scheduled May 1, reports the Bakersfield Office of the National Automobile Club. In the meantime, traffic uses the old road or goes through the construction with little delay or inconvenience.

MOTHER OF CARL HARRIS ARRIVES TO LEARN HOW HER BOY HAS MADE GOOD

A very fine lady came out of the East a few days ago to find out whether or not her boy had made good in Carmel.

She found that he had.

She is Mrs. Maria Haithcock of Bloomingburg, Ohio, and her boy is Carl Harris.

It has taken Carl 17½ years to get his mother out here and he is overjoyed that she arrived when Carmel could brag about its weather. Mrs. Haithcock, driving about with Carl to meet his friends, has also learned that Carmel can brag about her son. She has discovered that Carl is one of Carmel's upstanding citizens and outstanding business men. Mrs. Haithcock will remain in Carmel until May 1.

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Jane Boice of Chicago is staying with her aunt, Mrs. James Parker, on Scenic Drive. Miss Boice visited here three years ago.

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You haven't
been in

Whitney's

You haven't
"DONE"

CARMEL

In the heart of the village
... in more ways
than one

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BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER

Liquor... if
you like

DEL MONTE PROPERTIES COMPANY

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opening of offices in
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